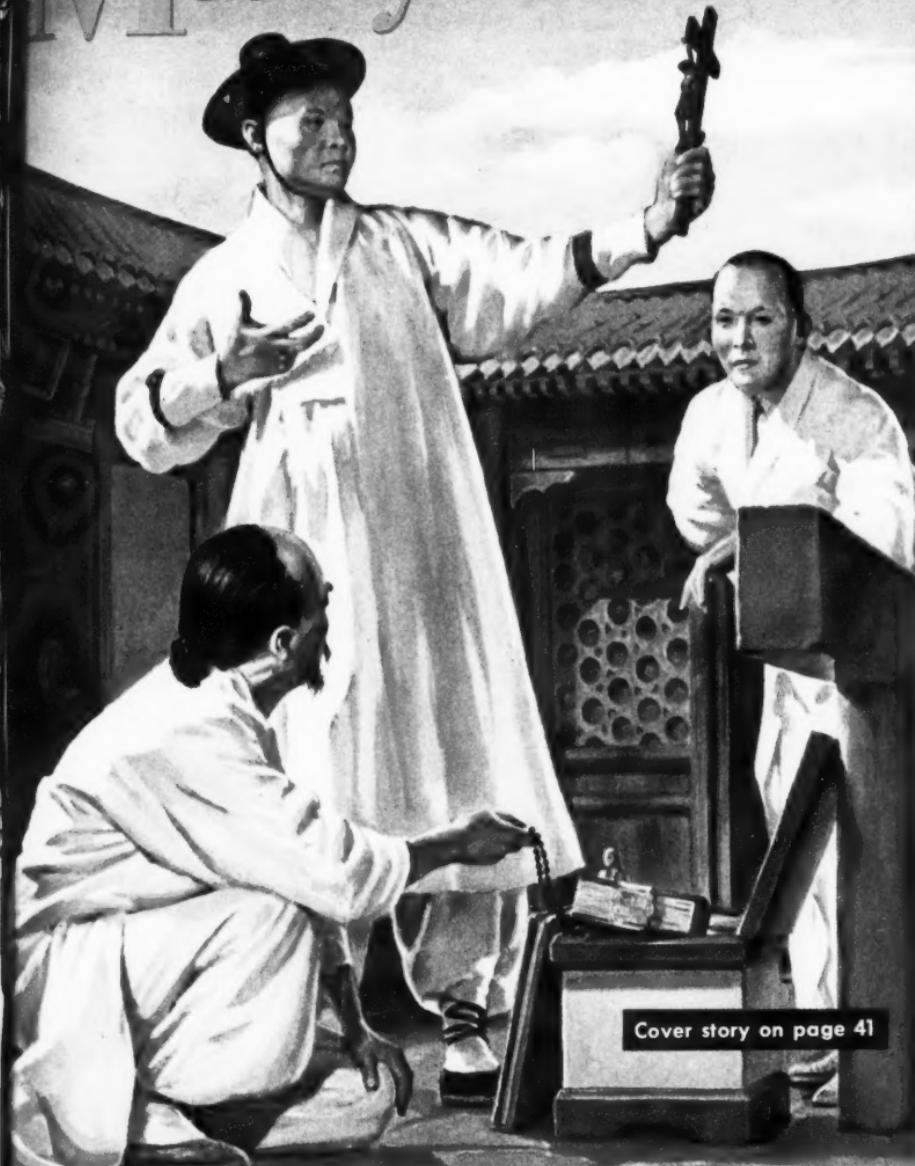


SEPTEMBER 1959

# Maryknoll



Cover story on page 41

The Challenge of the Rock of Death - p. 27



**BORDER CROSSING.** At the Lowu Bridge checkpoint between Hong Kong and Red China an American Red Cross official delivers packages for imprisoned Maryknoll Bishop James E. Walsh, whereabouts unknown.

# Midnight Saxaphone

The everyday music of life

on Middle Culture Street

BY WILLIAM RICHARDSON, M.M.

■ THE eight o'clock sun shines bright on Middle Culture Street. The street is crowded; shops are open; children are hurrying off to school. Life is in full swing in Chusan, Formosa. Honk! Honk! goes the bulb horn on the kindergarten taxi, a three-wheeled bicycle that pulls a small van loaded with tots. The bulb horn seems to squeal, "Hurry up kids!"

Under my window a big brass hand bell clangs into earshot. "Garbage, trash, bring it out and I'll cart it away," the bell seems to say. Drowning out the trash man's bell is the *Blllaaa* of bus horns, announcing the arrival of students and workers from the suburbs.

Middle Culture Street settles down to a dull roar. Housewives are haggling over the price of vegetables; a young fellow across the way is yelling at the top of his lungs, "*Au-Bong*" (Blackboards for sale).

My head involuntarily snaps up. The loudest blare I have ever heard pierces my eardrums; its noise changes pitch gradually. I look out and see a sidecar motorcycle taxi;



its driver is trying to break the sound barrier!

Hi-fi is sweeping Formosa. The "hi" part my ears contest, but no one can doubt that it is "hi," as a nearby record shop seems intent on proving. Chinese versions of "*Que Sera, Sera*," and "Three Coins in a Fountain" are the rage in Chusan. The volume knob is jammed at wide-open. I shudder at the thought that rock-n-roll may come next.

As I listened to "Three Coins" being given a run for its money, a Chinese funeral procession came trotting up Middle Culture Street. Ancient flutes, drums and cymbals are accompanied by a modern marching band that plays a different tune.

The band's offering at the moment is "Auld Lang Syne." These twelve- or fifteen-piece bands have a limited repertory and may come out with anything from the "Girl I Left Behind Me" to the "Marine Hymn."

The noon sun beats down unmercifully; traffic has declined and with it the dial marker on the decibel meter. A mixture of everyday sounds, however, filters in: the laughing of children returning from school, the crow of the rooster in a neighbor's backyard, the constant dull booming of the temple drum nearby.

A whirling *ellaangg* dispels the mood, as a speeding pedicab flashes by. A pedicab is a three-wheel

bicycle that pulls a coach for two. Its briskly clanging bell is reminiscent of an old-time ambulance.

"We're happy to announce . . . we're happy to announce . . ." blares an amplified voice as another pedicab comes into earshot. Riding it is the movie-house advertiser with his portable loudspeaker.

er. He invites all to come and see the latest from Hollywood, Tokyo, Hong Kong or Taipei. Six cents buys a ticket for the best seat in the house.

As night falls, the mood of Chusan changes; the sounds do too. Three or four notes on a flute identify a passing blind masseur. *Clock, clock, clock*, the tapping on hollow wooden tubes, heralds the arrival of a food vendor. Steaming pots of rice and noodles hang from the pole strung across his shoulders. A growing swell of wooden-shod feet going *clack, clack, clack* notifies me that the last show in the local movie has just let out.

Sleep is coming, despite the whining mosquitoes outside my net, when I hear an entirely new sound.

"Oh, no!" I mumble to myself. Someone in the neighborhood has invested in a saxaphone and a teach-yourself set of lessons. He has picked eleven forty-five — fifteen minutes before midnight — as the time to see how much noise his instrument can make. ■■■

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.**

two  
remi-  
ance.  
e...  
am-  
ce as  
dicab  
ear-  
ng it  
vie-  
ertis-  
port-  
peak-  
I see  
kyo,  
cents  
at in

susan  
three  
tifies  
clock,  
allow  
rival  
ts o  
pole  
row-  
oing  
that  
ovie

hin-  
hen

self.  
has  
l a  
has  
een  
the  
his

years;  
r or  
pro-  
holic  
1958.

two  
remi-  
ance  
e . . .  
... am-  
ce as  
dicab  
o ear-  
ng it  
Lif  
Riv  
Kor  
now  
rep

usan  
Three  
tifies  
Clock,  
ollow  
rival  
ots o  
pole  
row-  
going  
that  
movie

shin-  
when

self.  
has  
d a  
e has  
teen  
the  
his

years:  
CT OF  
E pro-  
nihilistic  
1958.



# Bamboo Wireless

Work is started on the new Maryknoll seminary in St. Louis. When finished in 1960, it will be used for pre-college boys who are studying for work in the Maryknoll missions . . . Life Begins at Seventy Dept. Father JOHN MORRIS, of Fall River, Mass., assigned to work in Korea. He first went to Korea in 1923, later headed all Maryknoll work in what is now North Korea. In recent years he has been the Maryknoll representative in the Pacific Northwest.

\* \* \*

Latest project of the Maryknoll operated credit union in Puno, Peru, is a housing development for the poor . . . New Maryknoll movie, The Golden Kimono, nearing its final stages of editing. It tells the story of a Japanese boy who belongs to one of the famous Nishijin weaving families.

\* \* \*

Sister MARIA DEL REY, whose books have been very popular, has a new volume on the press. Called Dust on My Toes, it tells the heart-warming story of the work of Maryknoll Sisters around the world. Scribner's will have it out Oct. 1 . . . World Campus, a Maryknoll publication for college students, being used by a growing number of Newman chaplains for discussion groups. College students can obtain sample copies by writing the editor at Maryknoll, N.Y.

\* \* \*

In our next issue: Watch for an unusual picture story on a Formosan first son by Father WILLIAM RICHARDSON, an interview with Father WILBUR BORER on Korea, a picture and text story of a Kikuyu taxi driver by Father PAUL BORDONET, and Father LAWRENCE CONNORS' strange mountain adventure.

\* \* \*

Ready for schools: A new study unit from Maryknoll Publications called Africa Today . . . The only Catholic orphanage in Formosa is located in the Maryknoll mission at Lotsu where Father PATRICK DONNELLY, of Philadelphia, is director . . . The Formosan island of Matsu, frequently in the headlines because of Communist shelling, is named after a popular goddess who protects sea travelers. The pagan people have great devotion to her.

# The Cardinal Stops In

Enthusiasm is the word when a director of the Vatican's world mission program pays a surprise visit to Maryknoll-in-Hong Kong



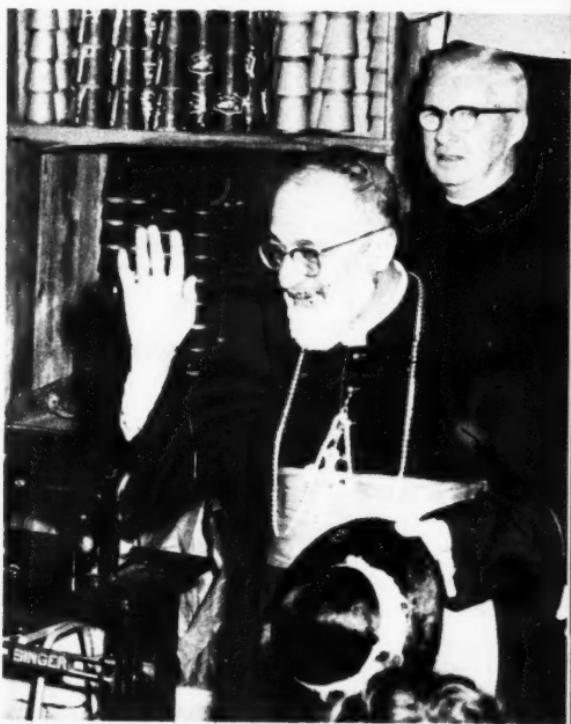
Cardinal Agagianian welcomed by Father Dempsey at Pius XII School

Prop  
gatio  
Gre  
nian  
aten  
by F

Pius  
in w  
He  
ced  
op  
dem

world  
ong

**Prefect of the Congregation of Propaganda Fide, Gregory Cardinal Agagianian greets refugee children attending school directed by Fr. Arthur F. Dempsey.**



**Pius XII School specializes in wage-earning hand skills. Here, the Cardinal, preceded by Hong Kong's Bishop Bianchi, watches students learning how to weave.**





With obvious appreciation, the Cardinal (above) listens to refugee tots sing "Long Live the Pope," and then (below) promises to come back again.



# The Last Visit

BY DENNIS J. POWELL, M.M.



■ A YOUNG nurse, starched and smiling, glided down the corridor toward me. I closed my breviary.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Father. You can see Terry now."

As I walked into an open elevator my mind raced back to an April morning in 1958. . . .

It was Saturday, and five boys came bouncing up the front steps of our Maryknoll House in Chicago. A single idea brought them — to learn more about the priesthood.

Among them was a tall, curly-haired boy. This was Terry Murphy. For a year he had been corresponding with me, and today was a climax to our relationship.

"It's taken me a long time to get here, right, Father?" he said, pumping my hand with the vigorous reverence of a twelve-year-old.

"This will be the first of many visits, Terry," I replied.

But I was wrong. Two days later Terry was rushed to the hospital. Medical diagnosis: acute leukemia.

That same afternoon I anointed him. His only comment, as I folded my stole, was: "With you giving me the sacraments, Father, I know I'm going to be all right."

During the next four months the disease ravaged his entire body. . . .

I walked out of the elevator and tapped on the door of Room 514.

For thirty minutes we talked football, ice-skating, "Gunsmoke" and Maryknoll. Then his thin fingers began tracing small nervous circles on the bedspread. He asked me if he was going to get better. I said yes. He asked me if he was enrolled at our seminary for the next semester. I said of course he was. Then he took a deep breath, and asked me why there was so much pain.

"Terry, God wants you to go through this illness for a reason. He wants to use all of your pain, your suffering, your tears for more vocations to the mission priesthood."

He just looked at me. I think he knew then that he would not survive. He nodded his head.

"O.K., Father. I give it all to God. For vocations to Maryknoll."

As I drove back to the house a light December snow was covering Chicago. I asked God to take Terry home to Bethlehem. The next morning, December 21, he died in his sleep.

Since then, every time I stand at our front door, greeting Chicago teen-agers who are dreaming dreams of priesthood, I see Terry Murphy standing behind them, pushing them up the steps toward me. ■ ■

# *My New Address*



**Opening a mission only a mile from the guns of North Korea**

**BY EDWARD J. MOFFETT, M.M.**

■ POPE JOHN XXIII has given us a new mission territory. It's about as far away from Jersey as I can go around the world without being on my way back again. The new mission is smack in the front yard of Communist China, just over the fence from Red North Korea. It starts on the coast of Korea and stretches 280 miles out into the Yellow Sea. It's the famous Korean war invasion beach of Inchon, together with 170 islands.

A small band of Maryknollers has already taken over. Four of our missionaries have begun work in Inchon City on the mainland of Korea. And two of us — Father Tom McKee and myself — have moved out into the Yellow Sea.

We've set up a base on Kanghwa Island. Kanghwa is nearest to the mainland and, incidentally, the largest of the 170 islands. It is seventeen miles long from tip to tip, ten miles wide at its center.

# The Yellow Sea

At one point along Kanghwa's north shore, it is less than a mile across the water to Communist troop concentrations along the Truce Line. They say the water is deep and treacherous there; and it makes for sounder sleep to believe this rather than to investigate!

Half a million people live on these 170 islands — 155,000 of them on Kanghwa. There are 300 Catholics here and some 500 men, women and children studying the catechism on their own initiative. We'll cover the islands close to Kanghwa right away. But we'll have to wait for more Maryknollers to come and help us before we open the islands farther out.

Besides a temporary church on Kanghwa, one of the first things we need is a motor launch. If an emergency call comes from another island, we want to be able to move at once. We can't wait on the beach for a boat to happen along. And it's going to have to be a good-sized launch too. For it's open sea out there.

This maritime parish presents its own salty difficulties. But the overall plan of sweeping into the arms of Holy Mother Church the half million Koreans on these 170 stone patches in the sea is the same here as on Taiwan, in Tanganyika or in Temuco.

We land on an island and look for

a pressing local need. Maybe it's a school or a clinic or a leper colony. It may be an old folks' home, an orphan asylum — even an artesian well or pig cooperative. We try to fill that need. This is the tool we use to open the hearts of the people, so we can pour in the hope and love of our Faith.

We need 170 of these tools for our ocean parish by the Yellow Sea. We know the people back home will put them into our hands. Only sacrifices save souls. This is the missionary partnership of charity, which is the glory of the Church and the sacred heritage of every Catholic the world over.

Yet, above and beyond and before all the other things we need, we beg for prayers: daily prayers that our island people will accept the grace that God is offering them now; prayers that the Reds will not invade again and scatter the flock in its infancy; prayers that we will get more priests on the islands, so that each island will have its spiritual father.

If enough of our people back home remember our new address in their prayers, with their help the day will surely dawn when 170 priests will offer 170 Masses on 170 island altars. And half a million Korean fisher folk will kneel for the sacraments on 170 islands in the Yellow Sea. ■ ■



# Summertime IN TAIWAN

■ ALL problems take a back seat to summer on Formosa, the busy island in the western Pacific where seventy Maryknollers with the people they serve live next door to the powder keg, Red China. Catechists are hard to get. More converts could be made if more men were there to instruct the willing. Maryknollers must learn a frustrating number of languages to do effective work on this island crowded with refugees. Superstition is strongly rooted in millions of lives. But summertime is loosening up time on Formosa; e.g. above: Father Fedders, head of our language school, enjoys Formosa's lush summer. ■■



Summer to Formosa  
farmers means  
backbreaking work  
for the rice crop.



Ever remember how  
much daring it took  
for your first slide?





Each youngster is aboard his own kind of a satellite, circling the earth.



August 15th is the highlight for thousands of Catholics on Formosa. They troop in from the four corners of the countryside to do honor to God's Mother.

# ROMANCE

BY CYRIL V. HIRST, M.M.

■ WRITTEN in the face of every child is a quest for love — to love and to be loved. Look into a child's eyes. Wrought by the hand of God, those eyes reach back into eternity. Love fashioned them and the desire in them.

Love permeates each tiny, living cell in a child's body. It is the sum total of a young soul's longing. It is the reason for a child's life. Without love, that life would be a chaos of frustration.

One day, perhaps, a child will find the object of its love in a human way. Let this love be denied and men deem it a tragedy. And so it is — deep tragedy.

Human love, however, is but a steppingstone to the search for the ultimate, the love of God. If this is missing, a child's life is the most tragic of all tragedies. For a child is then bereft of that for which it was made, that which is its completion, its perfection.

Need you wonder, then, why a missioner leaves father, mother, brother, sister, to bring God's love to the hearts of little children? A missioner's job is the most romantic adventure in the whole world. ■ ■

From this tree, Leung collects white latex.



R  
in

■ E  
twe  
gets  
the  
far-  
was  
break  
and  
Son

B  
shad  
ting  
scam  
out  
the  
hou  
goi  
Usu  
fini  
star  
coll  
van  
abo  
whi

## WORKING MEN AROUND THE WORLD

# "Best Rubber Worker in the World"



TEXT AND BACKGROUND BY WILLIE CHEN

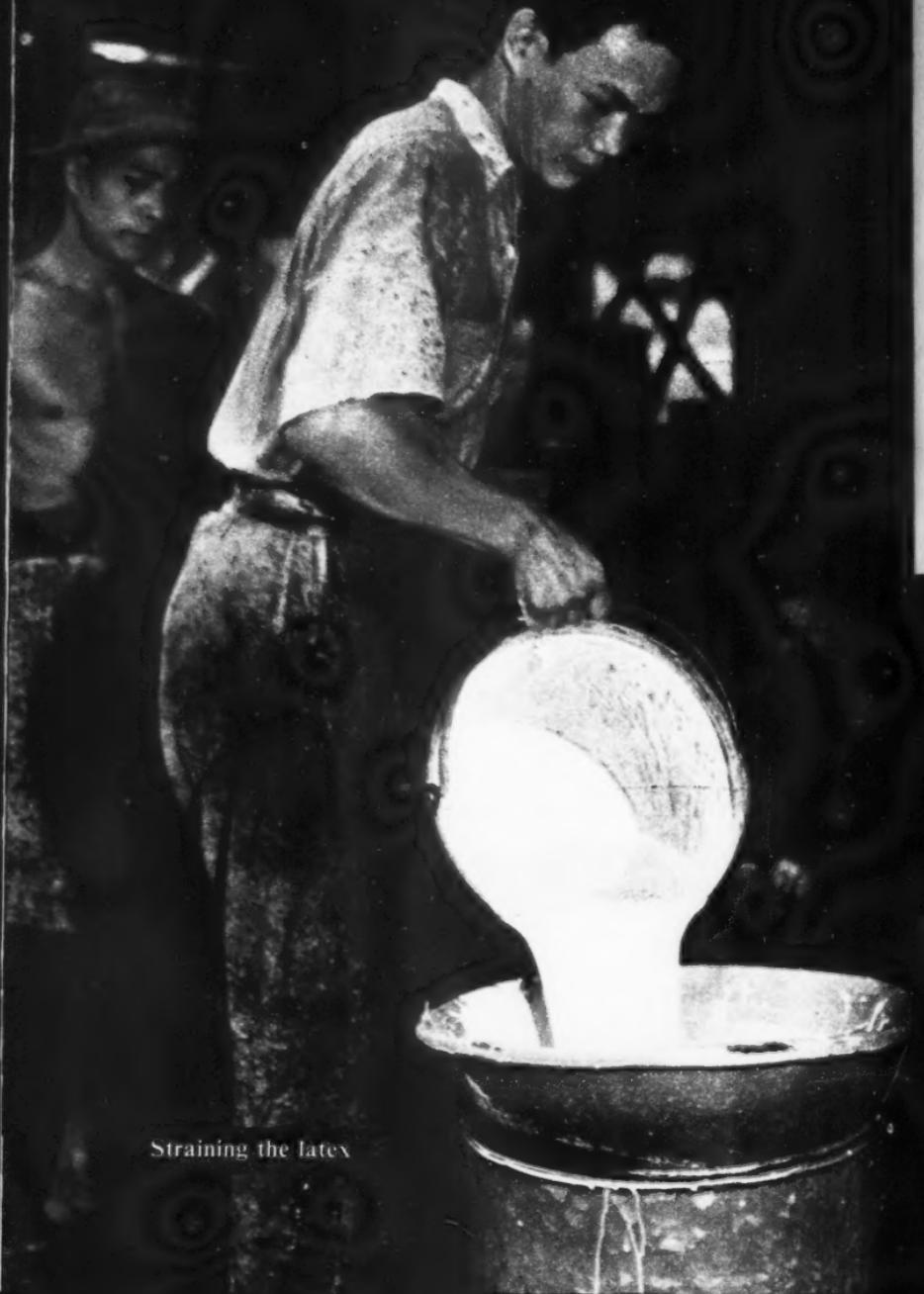
■ EVERY morning at five o'clock twenty-five year old Yau Leung gets up in the laboring quarter of the Dragon Reality Company in far-off Malaya. After dressing and washing, he sits down to a simple breakfast of porridge, bean curd and coffee which his wife, Keng Song Ngo, has prepared.

By six o'clock he is in the heavy shade of the rubber plantation, cutting new scars in the already scarred rubber trees and setting out the small tin cups to gather the precious white liquid. For two hours, he continues to tap the trees, going quickly from one to the next. Usually about eight o'clock, he is finished with tapping. Then he starts over at the beginning to collect the latex in a large galvanized bucket. The collection takes about an hour and a half, after which he returns to the factory

and helps in processing the crude rubber he has gathered.

Yau Leung returns home at one o'clock and, after bathing, sits down to a lunch of steamed white rice, vegetables and salted fish. He then works in his garden or about the house until five o'clock. Sometimes during this period he hauls or chops firewood. Sometimes he gets extra work grafting rubber trees, which is his specialty. At six o'clock he eats supper — rice, salted or steamed fish, cucumbers, Chinese tea; three times a week there is meat, usually pork, occasionally chicken.

For his work, Yau Leung makes \$13 a week. Since this is not enough to support a family of a wife, mother, and two children, his wife also works on the plantation as a rubber tapper and draws an equal wage. Yau Leung also gets his living quarters free. These consist of a two-



Straining the latex

room cottage, each room eighteen by twelve feet. He also has the use of a plot of ground for his garden. The furniture of the house consists of two beds, a kitchen stove, two small tables, six chairs and a couple of chests. The house has no electricity, no running water and no sanitary facilities. Water must be drawn from a well on the plantation, and light is furnished by kerosene lamps.

Yau Leung has a hard time making ends meet and often has to get an advance on his own and his wife's pay. He is unable to save anything for hard times, does not belong to any union, nor does he draw any governmental allowances. He will get a small pension when he

Leung must also help in processing. Here the latex is mixed with a coagulant.



**Leung's daily harvest is weighed at the factory. His hourly wage varies according to the rubber market price.**



retires, but his children will have to support him in his old age.

There are two children in the Yau family. Kim Swee, a son, is two years old, and Siew Lan, a daughter, is one. Leung and his wife hope to have many more children. He hopes that his children will have an easier life than his own, and thinks this is possible if they get sufficient education. He would like his son to become a clerk and his daughter a seamstress. Leung, himself, went to elementary Chinese and Malay schools, and he is able to speak Malay and three Chinese dialects — Hakka, Hainanese and Cantonese.

Yau Leung has been working on rubber plantations since he was thirteen years old. His father died then, and he had to go to work to support his mother. He is not happy

as a rubber gatherer, as his specialty is bud grafting. His ambition is to be the best bud grafted in the world. He learned the technique from his father, but it is a seasonal occupation.

The Yau family is Buddhist, and religion plays an important part in its daily life. Leung believes that religion brings out the inner quality of a man and gives him the strength for the struggle to live. His own favorite devotion is to Kwan Yin, the goddess of mercy.

Leung has few social relaxations. On rare occasions he gets to Malacca, a city twelve miles away. He never takes a vacation, nor does he belong to any club or social group. Once in a while he goes to a movie. He is a man who prefers his home and family to outside entertainment.

"I have my wife to love," he says, "and that is a lifetime duty."

Leung did not see his wife until shortly before he married her. The wedding was arranged by his mother and the bride's parents. Following Chinese custom, a go-between found the girl and did all the preliminary negotiations.

Leung has a high regard for the United States. He is also very philosophical for a young man. "My lot is inevitable," he says, "but there are many worse off than I am. I believe democracy will triumph over communism in the end, though the latter is more powerful now. And I am glad you are telling my story in America. The people of the West must know how we in the East live. Then they will understand us and perhaps we can all be one people." ■ ■



**The paymaster records Leung's hours.  
Leung makes thirteen dollars a week.**



Leung hopes that his two-year-old son, Kim Swee, will grow up to become a clerk. In a Chinese family, the eldest son has great importance because it is he who will keep the family name alive and offer needed ancestor worship.



# LAUGHING BOY

It didn't seem fair for God  
to banish his beloved goats.

BY THOMAS P. McGOVERN, M.M.

■ EMMANUELI was named "Laughing Boy" at birth because his mouth kept working in a kind of silent mirth and his eyes sparkled as though he and his mother had just played a marvelous trick on the world. But the laughter never materialized, and Emmanueli grew to be a solemn child, a trifle nearsighted, wise beyond his five years, wary and slow to commit himself. He saved every penny his father gave him, burying the coppers in an old razor blade discard can that one of the Fathers at the mission had given to him. He was saving, he said, for a dowry. His sagacity infuriated his father.

The boy carried a cane, a thin yellow stick that his father in a rare playful mood (soon regretted) had whittled for him; and all the old ladies would nod at him over their basket weaving as he passed by, remarking how closely he resembled his grandfather Gervasi, even to the forward tilt of his wizened head.

"*Tata*," said Laughing Boy one

MARYKNOLL

day, leaning on his cane, watching his father at work on the bicycle, "when will the last day come?"

"In two years," said Dorniani, tossing the answer over his shoulder as he tightened a nut on the rear wheel. "Papa Joannes has a letter."

"What will we do?"

"Don't worry," replied his father, humming a bit and sending the wheel in a whirl that almost drew sparks. "We'll be all right."

"I know. But what will we do?"

"I suppose," said his father, working a cloth between his grease-stained fingers—nothing could disturb this lean, irascible man while he had the bicycle before him, although Magdalena, his wife, might catch it that evening—"I suppose we'll go to the mission. We'll go to heaven with the Fathers." He chuckled and seized a wrench.

"What about our goats?"

"The goats? Look, Man, go and play. You worry too much."

Emmanueli shrugged his shoulders and went off with his cane. His father began muttering to himself and kept glancing up with anger reddened eyes at the retreating figure. Magdalena was serving tea to a few travelers in the *hoteli* across the path, so he contained himself for the time being and spent his irritation on the bicycle.

There were three of them: Magdalena, a very stout, timid woman; her husband Dorniani; and Emmanueli, their son, the "Laughing Boy." They owned the New African *Hoteli*, a mud-and-wattle, grass-roofed luncheon, similar in size and shape to their own house except that it contained no interior partitions or

windows. The roof had frayed in several places so that it leaked badly during the rainy season, but that was of no real concern since only the goats were quartered there in the evening. The *hoteli* contained an unsteady, rough-planked wooden table and three or four wooden stools; on the wall above the banked fire and the teakettle hung a colored picture of Prince Philip clipped from a Sunday magazine. The prince wore a phalanx of bright ribbons and medals above his heart, and his lower edges were beginning to curl brown.

"What kind of a son is this?" Dorniani demanded of his wife that evening. It was a familiar complaint, and Magdalena began to blink her eyes and edge away from her husband. Emmanueli was asleep, looking surprisingly childlike but still clutching in one tight fist the Cotton Cooperative Report for 1957. He could not read, but he enjoyed looking at newsprint, especially if it contained numbers. "He's worried about the end of the world now," snorted Dorniani, waving his arms.

There was just one home-made lantern burning in the room, giving off a thick banner of smoke. The lantern was only a tin can, cut in half with the top funneled in to grasp the wick. Dorniani strode in and out of the shadows, stumbling over stools, making the table wobble.

"He's a good boy," Magdalena finally managed, berthed against the far wall, still not daring to sit.

"He's no boy at all!" shouted her husband.

"He's asleep," Magdalena said.

"I don't care!" cried Dorniani, slamming the table with his fist. The table toppled over and the lamp bounced on the mud floor, going out.

"Where are the matches?"

He struck a match, righted the table and with the same match relit the lamp. The activity seemed to quiet him a bit. He said, but in a much more composed tone, "He's like nobody in my family. He's like your father Gervasi, that miser!"

Magdalena began to cry, sighing and sobbing in the shadows like a massive pump. Her father, a wealthy man, had died two years ago, refusing to tell anyone where his money was buried. Dorniani could not forgive him.

"My father was a good man," she said, sobbing. "He was — he was thrifty."

"Yes, he was that. He was thrifty all right. I hope he's enjoying his money now. No one else ever will."

Emmanueli did not like games. He did not build motorcars like other boys his age. He was content to take a solitary ramble, poking about in the bushes with his cane, or sit, chin in fist, outside the mission schoolhouse listening to the teacher tell of the great cities: Nairobi, Mombasa, Dar es Salaam; or even better the numbers: "three and three are six" chanted lustily by the students. That "three and three" business interested him. Three *what* and three *what* made six *what*? He longed to be inside that room and learn the secrets.

The priests of the mission liked the boy and would pat his head and occasionally give him peppermints. They found him consoling. They

would say over their coffee: "Oh, if there were a few more like him, what a future this country would have!" He reminded them of someone, usually a long-dead uncle, a steady man.

Most of all, Emmanueli liked to watch his father repairing the bicycle. He was careful to remain silent and stand well out of the way of the whirlpool of activity. Dorniani had bought a second-hand bicycle and it absorbed him completely. Every day, after he had finished cultivating his fields, he ran home, tossed his hoe in a corner and scrambled for the wooden toolbox beneath his bed. He spread out the wrenches and bolts on an oily cloth outside the door of his house and set the bicycle upside down on handle bars and seat. He would spend hours on his knees, as though propitiating a false deity.

Emmanueli longed for the day, long promised, when he would be lifted into the basket in front of the handle bars and set off with his father and mother on a trip to Musoma.

"Will we visit Uncle Arbrogasti, Tata?"

"We will. You can play with his wireless."

"But it doesn't speak anymore."

"Well, twist the knobs anyway. Enjoy yourself. You worry too much."

Emmanueli had asked his father about the "last day" because just that morning he had heard one of the Fathers teaching the school children about the end of the world. The priest knew his business; he had explained clearly that it would be a day of the greatest importance.

"Oh,  
e him,  
would  
some-  
cle, a  
ed to  
the bi-  
main  
of the  
ivity.  
hand  
com-  
had  
, he  
corner  
stool-  
told  
out  
oily  
ouse  
own  
ould  
ugh  
  
day,  
be  
the  
her  
na.  
sti,  
  
his  
  
e."  
ny.  
oo  
  
er  
ust  
of  
il-  
d.  
be.  
e.  
L

The sheep and goats would be separated; the goats, for some reason, drawing a burnt-out plain, where they would languish for water amid smoke and fiery stones. It was a dreadful business, and the priest had insisted that no one, save God Himself, knew when that day would be. He was wrong there. Papa Joannes knew and so did his father. "In two years time," Dorniani had said. It was a good thing to know. Perhaps they could do something about the goats.

Emmanueli was still too young to herd his father's goats but he enjoyed thinking about the day when they would be his. He listened carefully to the old men while they sat drinking tea and arguing prices of goats and sheep and cows in the *hoteli*. Goats were becoming more valuable each month, a fact that pleased the boy. But now, with his knowledge of the last day, he did not mention the whole business to his father again in the morning.

He spent a restless night, twisting and turning on his cowhide mat. The blanket was too heavy, but when he threw it off he began to shiver. It was always like this when he had something important on his mind. The small window in the wall of his own room was fastened with wooden shutters and the night wind moving through the grass roof made a scratching sound like mice. Outside in the darkness he could hear the deep whooping of the hyenas. He longed for the daylight.

When Emmanueli awoke the next morning, sweaty and cramped, the sun was already high and his father had gone off to the fields. He folded

his blanket and placed it in his tin trunk on top of old newspapers and pieces of string. He fastened it securely, testing the lid several times. He looked at himself in a splinter of a mirror and gargled. Then he picked up his cane and went across the path to the *hoteli* for his breakfast.

Magdalena met him at the door of the *hoteli* and said, her face radiant, "Look who's here!"

A squat, muscular figure lunged through the doorway and grabbed at Emmanueli. It was Uncle Arbrogasti, laughing and lifting the boy, bruising and bending him as though he were modeling clay.

"You'll kill the poor boy," said Magdalena.

Emmanueli tried to appear amused.

"Let me get a good look at him," shouted Arbrogasti, loosening his grip on the boy's neck. The color seeped back into Emmanueli's face and his uncle hastened the restorative process by clapping him several times on the back.

"A grand boy!" said Arbrogasti. He was a bow-legged man, enormously strong, with a rough, broken-nosed face. He would have seemed a fierce customer except for his eyes. They were wide and gentle-looking, so that he had the appearance of a timid bulldog.

Arbrogasti flopped down on his stool and held Emmanueli in the vise of his knees. He looked at the solemn child, laughed and made a mock attack against his nephew, pretending to strangle him.

"Don't hurt him," said Magdalena with no anxiety at all.

"Listen," he said, placing his huge hands on Emmanuel's shoulders, "tomorrow is the big day. You're all coming down to Musoma to visit us. And if that bicycle isn't ready, I'll come up and carry you down myself."

"Isn't that nice?" said Magdalena. She was genuinely

fond of her brother-in-law. He was one of the few people in whose presence she found herself completely at ease and unafraid. She found his rough humor delightful. He was, in his own way, as quick and nervous as her husband, but always innocently so, without the least bit of bad temper. Of course, to do him justice, Dorniani had more "push." He'd earn more money in one day, when he felt like it, than Arborgasti would in a week. But for all that, Arborgasti was a pleasant and good man. Money often brought nothing but trouble.

"I have to go now," said Arborgasti. "It's go, go, go — all the time." He let the boy wiggle out from his knees and lifted his floppy-brimmed fedora to his head. He pulled it down so low that only the tip of his nose appeared. He moved to the door and grabbed Emmanuel by the seat of his pants. He carried the boy, dangling, out the door and deposited him unceremoniously in the path. By the time that Emmanuel had composed himself and gained his feet, his uncle had already trotted out of sight.

"Where's the key?" said Dorniani

as he held the door of the *hoteli* against the goats. He had nailed a sign to the door frame reading: "Closed today. Back tonight. Dorniani Kwaruga, Prop."

The door was made of flattened kerosene tins hammered onto a wooden frame. The bottom hinge was missing, so he had

to lift the door as he dragged it shut. He took the key that Emmanuel had found in a chipped tea cup in his father's room and snapped the cheap red-and-silver lock. He looked around slowly at house and *hoteli*, checking off the items; satisfied that nothing was left lying about, he clapped his hands and said, "Let's go."

He lifted Emmanuel into the basket; then mounting himself, he told Magdalena to slide onto the metal rack above the rear wheel. The tire flattened dangerously beneath her weight, but she hoped that Dorniani would not notice it.

Dorniani was so preoccupied with the coming adventure that he merely pushed off and, after some wobbling, got the bicycle into a smooth run. They were soon out of earshot of the complaining goats.

"Don't push that stick in my eye," Dorniani said to his son who sat craned forward in the basket, as rigid as a figurehead.

It was early morning and the sun, though bright, was still oblique; the countryside was cool and fresh. They shouted greetings to their amazed neighbors, who dropped their hoes

and stood in open-mouthed amazement. They breathed deeply, and the wind rushing past made them feel buoyant and alive.

"Grandday," admitted Dorniani.

"Look at those clouds, *Tata*."

"They're moving away. It won't rain. Relax." They traveled a narrow footpath that curved into the hills away from the main road. There were thorn bushes in profusion on either side of the path, so Dorniani was kept busy, twisting and turning. They reached the river, and the bicycle spurted sand and then dug into the dried-out bed. Magdalena slipped off the rack, and Dorniani pushed the bicycle through and up the hill. Magdalena trudged along behind him. Near the top of the hill they surprised four baboons that scattered reluctantly, firing mean glances over their shoulders.

"Oh!" exclaimed Magdalena shivering. She hated the things.

On the top of the hill they rested, looking down with wonder at the sprawling tin roofs of Musoma flashing in the sun. The town was contained on a peninsula, jutting out into the lake.

They flew down the long hill recklessly, pounded up the last drift and swung onto the main road that entered the town. The shops were open, and Emmanuel could see the bolts of cloth glowing red and orange on the narrow wooden shelves. Bicycle tires and teakettles and clusters of sneakers hung like huge white grapes from the cross-beams. They passed Africans pushing empty wheelbarrows and carts that were piled high with kerosene tins.

"Just up there now," said Dorniani, pointing with his chin. They could see Arbrogasti's white-washed lattice-windowed house at the end of the road beneath a high arching palm tree. His fishing net was drying, held up on sticks on the sidewalk outside his house.

Dorniani braked the bicycle, lifted the net and pushed beneath it. He lifted Emmanuel out of the basket and leaned the bicycle against the wall of the house.

"Anybody home?" he shouted, and three young boys each wearing khaki shorts and shirts came running out.

"Man! Man!" they shouted as they circled their young cousin, clapping their hands.

"Children!" said Arbrogasti, who appeared in the doorway in a long flowing white gown, stern and patriarchal. "Where are your manners?" He stepped down and shook hands formally with his brother. His wife Catharina followed him out the door and embraced Magdalena. Catharina began pounding her bony chest and complaining about her cold. She was a small, thin woman with a quick birdlike glance. She had been suffering from a chest cold for the last three years.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Magdalena in commiseration.

The boys dragged Emmanuel out the back door of the house into a yard filled with chickens and mangy dogs. The vitality of his cousins never failed to astonish Emmanuel. He smiled serenely and let himself be propelled through a small opening in the hedge that bounded the yard, and forced down a path that

went to the lakeshore. At the lake, without any preliminaries, they began throwing sand at each other.

Up at the house, the two brothers sat on stools outside on the sidewalk and watched the carts roll by. The women in the cool dark interior of the house began to pound the meal that they would cook for dinner.

Finally in a voice that was surprisingly piercing, Catharina announced that dinner was ready. The boys ran up the path, leaving Emmanueli to brush himself into a presentable condition.

The two women served the men and the boys who sat on wooden stools in a wide circle in the main room of the house. They ate out of a common tin bowl containing a great mound of *abusina*. They would take a piece of it in their fingers and then dip the portion into one of the three sauce basins placed conveniently. They ate with relish.

Magdalena took up the smoke-blackened pot of fish and began to replenish their plates. She looked down at Emmanueli who was sitting next to his uncle, eating away quietly and methodically.

"Isn't he growing big, Arbrogasti?" She patted her son's head.

"He's a giant. When does he start school?"

"Oh! He's a bit too young for school," she replied.

"He'll be a smart one."

"He's deep all right," remarked his father with a smirk. "He worries a lot."

"That's natural," said Arbrogasti. "All children worry at that age."

"I suppose so. He's worried about the end of the world."

"That's sensible enough," said Arbrogasti. "It's a serious matter. I worry about it all the time myself."

"Oh!" said Dorniani in disgust.

"The goats!" interrupted Emmanueli, who knew at last the time had come. "The goats!"

"Excuse me?" said Arbrogasti.

"Padri said that at the end of the world the goats would be separated and sent away. You know, into fire and rocks and no water."

"Oh that!" said Arbrogasti looking keenly at the boy. "He didn't mean real goats. He meant people, sinners, bad people, like your father."

"My father?"

"I'm joking! Bad people will go to hell. They're called goats."

"Oh!" exclaimed Emmanueli. He nodded his head in quiet understanding. He felt relieved.

"I thought —" he began, shaking his head in self derision, "I thought —" but he could get no further as Arbrogasti reached down and tickled him. He laughed.

"Listen to that!" shouted Dorniani. "He's laughing!"

"Of course, he's laughing," said Arbrogasti as he threw back his head and roared.

"He's laughing! Isn't he the great boy?" cried Dorniani in sudden awakening, looking at his son, laughing and slapping at Magdalena's knee.

She too was laughing, very heartily, shaking all over, as though overcome by the laughter; but all the while, within she was thinking, "Oh thanks be to God!" as the force of the laughter caused tears to start from her eyes. ■■

PART ONE OF A TRUE ADVENTURE



The expedition had to cross this river twenty-nine times in one day.

# The Challenge of the Rock of Death

BY LAWRENCE J. CONNORS, M.M.

Formosan aborigines guide two Maryknollers into sacred country where strange winds brought death to scoffers.



Father Connors (kneeling) discusses equipment with Te Mu, the chief guide.

■ IT ALL started late one afternoon after Mass. The sun had lost its heat, but it still diffused the sky with a brilliant orange that threw strange and mysterious shadows across Formosa's inaccessible mountains. This was my first trip to the village of Ban Tai and my first week among the aborigines. Father Bob Baudhuin, a veteran of two years in the mountains, was taking me to every village to give me the big picture of Maryknoll's work among the aborigines.

On this particular afternoon, we sat with a group of men while the women were busy preparing supper. The faces of the aborigines ranged from the wrinkled and tattooed features of Te Mu, the chief, to the darker and somewhat fierce expressions of the younger men.

It was during a lull in the conversation that Father Baudhuin pointed to a far-off peak and asked Te Mu if he had ever climbed it. Te Mu nodded in the affirmative. Father then asked the same question of the others, but none of them had ever set foot on that particular mountain. There was a kind of hesitation in their answers. Te Mu sensed our puzzlement.

"We men of the mountains do not go into that region very often," Te Mu told us. "Beyond that mountain is a great stone. It is feared by all our people. Those who walk into its presence must walk and speak with great care. It has already brought death to fifteen warriors of our village, and death to many from other villages."

I glanced at Father Baudhuin to

see if my leg was being pulled, but he was all seriousness. Te Mu began to tell the story. He told how in 1931 six warriors from Ban Tai crossed to the other side of the island to take heads. Returning proud and victorious, they passed the rock. One young warrior who had four enemy heads hanging from a belt around his waist taunted the rock.

"I don't fear you," he shouted. "I am strong and brave. See! I take four heads to my home!"

Four others in the party joined in the taunting. Only one remained silent. As the men shouted, huge hailstones began to pelt them. Then a sudden and violent wind swooped down and carried the men over the edge of the cliff to their deaths. The only survivor was the man who had kept silence. There was another hunting party that dared to shoot at the rock, and another that threw leftover food at the rock. In each case, we were told, the offenders were killed by being swept off the cliff.

The next day we passed through three more villages, and made more inquiries about the rock. The aborigines all knew its story, and all feared its power. We were told that the rock had a head, arms and legs. The aborigines called it "the first rock," and some tribes believed that mankind had sprung from it. We were told that any who approached it must use a ritual language. For example, if it is cold, you must say it is hot; or if the sun is shining, you must say it is raining. The visitor must never point at the rock or wash



**Te Mu holds a flying squirrel which was killed in a tree by an aborigine who put fourteen shots into it and then had to finish the job by knife.**



**Father Baudhuin covers some rough terrain by following an aborigine.**

in its presence. As you approach the rock, you must beg it not to harm you.

The story of the rock fascinated Father Baudhuin and myself. We talked about it at night. Finally, I suggested that we go and see it for ourselves. Father Baudhuin agreed immediately.

"It won't be easy," he remarked. "It will take us about three days

of rough hiking from the nearest village. Since we'll have to sleep out each night, we had better pick a time when there is little chance of rain. Say, November."

About a month later we picked up an additional member to our party. He was Captain Sid Cook, a tall Texan stationed with the U.S. military mission here; he had spent four years in a mountain patrol



Up above the timber line, the party pauses to rest and survey the wilds.

unit along the Austrian border. We were glad he was interested because, besides being good company, he was able to get needed equipment, such as sleeping bags and pack boards.

The date for departure was set for November 17, but at the last minute trouble developed. The aborigines did not want to go. It was one thing to talk about such a journey when it was weeks away; but as the time approached, it became more frightening. Te Mu, the chief, finally saved the day.

"If the Fathers are not afraid, I am not afraid," he said. "If they go, I go."

This brave statement bolstered the courage of the others, and seven aborigines volunteered to ac-

company us. They ranked in age from a boy of fifteen to Te Mu, who was over sixty-five years of age. They refused to have anything to do, however, with the captain's pack boards. They loaded supplies and equipment into their hand-woven net sacks, despite the captain's insistence that his pack boards were scientifically designed for maximum efficiency. Everyone wanted to carry the guns that the captain had brought — a double-barreled shotgun and a 7 mm. Mauser. The aborigines have their own guns, all of which are home-made flintlocks.

Thus we moved out of the village. Ahead of us lay the Rock of Death. We wondered what was in store.

*(Continued in our next issue.)*



TH

From the vall...  
From the hea...  
From the field...  
One cry swel...  
ch

Out of the globe...  
Throbs the un...  
Souls in the po...  
To bear hope...  
Somewhere inle...  
Lies the secr...  
se

Plant the seed...  
Sow in the feng...  
Plant in the tute...  
For the Word...  
o

Under the spir...  
One Faith, One...  
Reaching to the...  
And stretch in j...  
in

# TH HARVEST

the vall purple mountains, from the windy high plateaus,  
the heaep green jungles and the silver of arctic snows,  
the fieldperate climate and the stretches of sun-bleached sand,  
ry swell chorus: "Help us to understand!"

the gloeauty that swells on the restless sea,  
s the un yearning of all humanity.

in the pof darkness reach for some fragments of light,  
r hope morning and shatter the curtains of night.

here isleys of blackness, somewhere in the caverns of fear,  
e secreshished yearning for some beacon bright and clear.

the seed valleys, the mountains, the high plateaus;  
the fengles, the arctic's shifting snows;  
n the tate fields and the golden, burning sand —  
Wordlower and flourish in the thirstiest of land!

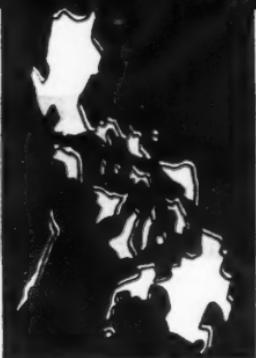
the sparandeur that is the jeweled sky,  
th, One, will answer mankind's unceasing cry.  
g to the sunlight, the seeds break from the sod  
etch inipe beauty to the bosom of their God.

— Cassie Eugenia Dixson



# PHILIPPINE WANT AD

BY JOSEPH W. REGAN, M.M.



■ I WAS there last Sunday when a Filipino priest celebrated his first Mass in the pro-cathedral, here in Davao. He is Davao's first priest. He was a long time coming.

It began in 1933, when the Quebec Foreign Mission Fathers opened a seminary in Davao. By 1940 they had twelve seminarians. But after World War II they had only one. He contracted tuberculosis and died before being ordained.

The Quebec Fathers found more candidates; they opened a minor seminary in the city of Davao. At present, there are about forty boys in the minor seminary and about a dozen young men from Davao at the major seminary in Manila. After twenty-five years the first native son of Davao was ordained a priest.

I am somewhat encouraged that in sixty years the number of Filipino secular priests has almost doubled: from 775 in 1898 to 1,430 in 1957. But I must remember that there are not so many priests in the Philippines now as there were at the time of the Spanish-American War. Sixty years ago there were 3,193 Spanish and Filipino priests in the islands; today there are only 2,938 priests.

Meanwhile the Catholic popula-

tion of the Philippines has trebled. The Philippines now has 19,000,000 Catholics. Its population has far outgrown the number of priests. Is it any wonder that most Catholic Filipinos do not know much about their religion? There are no priests to instruct them. Is it any wonder that Protestants are making great headway? There are two Protestant missionaries for every priest in the Philippines. Davao has four Catholic churches; there are several times that number of Protestant churches. Along the highways I notice many Protestant chapels of almost all denominations. Yet sixty years ago there were only a handful of Protestants in the country.

The Philippine Republic is on the books as a Catholic country. Most of its inhabitants have been Catholic for over three hundred years. But sixty years is a long time without enough priests to go around. Every bishop and every parish priest in the Philippines encourages vocations. But vocations are still too few.

A Philippine want ad: We need enough Filipino bishops and priests to make and keep these islanders strongly Catholic. ■ ■

## **HOW RISKY IS IT?**

**Q:....** Do people die as soon as they have made their wills?

**A:....** No. There are no more germs on legal paper than on any other kind. In all medical history there is no case of anyone's becoming ill from fountain pen ink used in a fountain pen.

**Q:....** Must I be old and feeble before making a will?

**A:....** On the contrary, you should be "of sound and disposing mind."

**Q:....** But shouldn't I at least wait until I'm sick?

**A:....** Not if you want to do it right! There is nothing you can do as well sick as when you feel fine!

**Q:....** But I'm not rich. Aren't wills for the wealthy?

**A:....** Wills are for men and women who love their families. If you refuse to make one, or neglect to do so, you leave your property to be distributed by strangers. How much you have matters less than what should be done with it!

**Q:....** But what will happen if I don't make a will?

**A:....** You'll be amazed to learn! We haven't room to explain here; may we send you our booklet about wills?

---

### **THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

Please send me your will booklet, "What Only You Can Do," without charge, to the following:

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Just mark and mail the coupon above; there is no cost or obligation, and you will not be "followed up" or solicited further.



# Challenge and Dedication

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ WE CAME across the following paragraphs the other day that were credited to the French Communist paper *Paix et Liberté* under the title "A Challenge to Decadent Christianity":

"The Christian gospel is a much more powerful weapon for the renovation of society than our Marxist view of the world. Yet it is we who shall conquer you in the end, even though we are but a handful against your millions. Remember Gideon and his three hundred companions and you will understand. We Communists do not play with words. We are realists, and because we are determined to reach our end, we also know how to provide the necessary means. Of our salaries and wages we keep only what is absolutely necessary, and the rest we give for propaganda purposes.

"To this same propaganda we also devote our leisure time and much of our vacation. You, however, give only a little money and scarcely any time for the spreading of your gospel. How can anyone believe in the all-surpassing value of this gospel, if you do not practice it? If you do not spread it? If you do not sacrifice for it? Believe then,

it is we who shall conquer, because we believe in our Communist gospel and are willing to sacrifice everything, even life itself, so that social justice may triumph. But you, you are afraid of soiling your hands."

BACK IN the days when religion was free in China, one of our men was starting out on a mission trip. On the outskirts of town, he found an old woman lying beside the road. She had been left there to die, according to pagan custom, so that her spirit would not haunt the home of her son.

The priest picked the old lady up and carried her back to the Sisters' convent, and there placed her on a bed.

"Why did you bring me here?" the old lady asked. "My son left me by the road to die and you are a stranger. Why did you do it?"

"I have come to China to help your people," the priest answered.

"Ah, that is a beautiful idea!" exclaimed the old lady. "Where did you ever get an idea like that?"

"It is my religion," explained the missioner, and he went on to tell the dying woman about Christ and His teachings.

"This Christ was a wonderful man," the old lady said when the priest had finished. "How long ago did He live?"

"Two thousand years."

"Two thousand years!" exclaimed the old lady. "Where have you Christians been all this time? Bad men have come to China to teach us hatred or to rob us of our possessions, but no one came to teach us this love about which you speak. Two thousand years! You Christians should be ashamed of yourselves."

SOME YEARS ago when the American Communists conducted open activities, one of the party leaders used to sit behind a desk on which there was this reminder: "We have the world to win! We must march, march, march! Once we stop marching, we decay!"

THE LETTER was brief and to the point: "Will you stop all this talk about international do-goodism. We've got more than enough problems here at home. Let's settle them before we worry about the rest of mankind. Stop playing the game of the Communists and fellow travelers. No one abroad worries about us, so why should we worry about them?"

IT WAS a mountainside in Galilee. The resurrected Christ was preaching His last discourse to His followers. And what was His last wish, His last command? "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." ■■■

# Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



*Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.*

*Address:*

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS  
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.**

*"While our heart embraces the whole world's flock of Christ, it turns with special feeling towards you, beloved children of the United States . . . Every nation has its mission society. Yours is Maryknoll. Your society for foreign missions, Maryknoll . . . counts among its missionaries so many of your heroes and heroines."*

*— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday Address to American Catholics*



In the movies: Peter Choi (left), Father Heisse and Abel Lee, catechist

# Hollywood Comes to Tan Yang

**It wasn't in the script, but a stand-in filled the title role.**

BY JOHN R. HEISSE, M.M.

■ MOST missioners will include in their stock of unconditionally accepted truths a firm belief in the almost limitless value of a good catechist. From this thesis several corollaries follow:

1. Other things being equal, two good catechists are twice as good as one; three are better than two, etc.
2. No mission funds are better spent than on a catechist's salary.

In my mind these statements are beyond question. That is why it

came as a rude jolt when Maryknoll's Father Al Nevins arrived in Tan Yang, Korea, to make a movie showing the importance of the native catechist. His visit was most welcome, since travelers are in short supply in remote Tan Yang, but I thought his project was a little foolish.

"Surely, no one has to be convinced of the worth and necessity of catechists," I said. "Couldn't you use the film to better purpose?"

"That's just it," he replied. "People in the States are *not* convinced of the necessity of catechists. We hope to convince them with this movie."

"But . . . but . . ." I stammered, and then was silent. After all, he was closer to the scene than I was.

And maybe the lack of conviction was understandable. People back home had never attempted to explain the beautiful and enormously important teachings of the Catholic Faith in a foreign tongue, stumbling and stammering as they grasped for the appropriate word. They have never looked at the passively polite Oriental face during such an explanation, knowing with a sinking feeling that they are not getting through.

Korean, like most languages, is studded with words which are similar in sound but vastly different in meaning. A slight error in pronunciation changes the meaning radically and often ludicrously. The classic example is the young missioner who tried to exhort his people to say the Rosary more often, only to learn later that he had really urged them to drink more beer.

Nor is the language difficulty the only area in which the catechist proves invaluable. In the more complicated and vastly more important sphere of native customs, sensitivities, superstitions and taboos, he is a sure guide.

He knows all the polite, introductory phrases demanded by Oriental protocol. He knows which man in a village can be accepted as the spokesman for all. He knows how to say "No!" in the polite, accepted expressions which do not offend. And, if he is an Oriental, he is blessed with a seemingly bottomless supply of patience which makes the most easy-going Westerner seem a hothead by comparison.

The missioner, no matter how beloved he becomes to his own Catho-

lics, is always under a handicap when approaching pagans. He is a stranger, a foreigner.

In almost every instance the initial approach to pagans must be made by the catechist. He has a double advantage. He is accepted as a neighbor, and he is listened to respectfully because of his position as a teacher. After he lays the groundwork, the priest is a welcome visitor.

These and other thoughts formed in my own mind the "self-evident truth" of the catechist's inestimable value. At the same time, I could understand why that truth would not be nearly so obvious to people back home. But had they been in Tan Yang while the movie was being filmed they would have had concrete evidence of the indispensability of catechists and the need for more.

The logical person to fill the title role was Abel Lee, our capable catechist, but he was far too busy. His schedule of doctrine classes in Tan Yang and in ten outlying districts was too demanding.

So, as often happens in the movies, someone else took the part of the real-life character portrayed. In this case the replacement was not without experience. Peter Choi, the president of the Legion of Mary, who is often called on to give instructions, handled the part like a veteran.

But Abel wasn't left out entirely. We were able to work him in one afternoon when he had a few free minutes. He took the part of a catechumen receiving instructions. That's Hollywood! ■ ■



## An Opportunity For You to Send a Little Bit of Yourself to the Missions

Give a Maryknoll priest one of the items he needs . . . or just a little something towards it.

### Taichung, Formosa

1. Priest competing with 4 movie houses, needs movie projector
2. Convent for three zealous Taiwanese Sisters

### Guatemala

3. Add classroom to parish school
4. Desks, blackboard, notebooks, etc. for this same room

### Chile

5. Roof for uncovered school

### Shinyanga, Africa

For big building program for growing Catholic population

6. a truck
7. a tractor and trailer

8. 5 sets of Mass candlesticks @ \$35 each

\$175

### Japan

9. Books, film strips — very effective with literate Japanese

500

### Hong Kong

10. 3 complete sets of Mass vestments @ \$125 a set

375

### Peru

11. Gasoline-powered slide projectors to teach Indians catechism 5 @ \$90

450

1,200

### Bolivia

12. Baptismal font — where Indians may be born again

100

2,800

13. Vestment case — a decent place for the Mass vestments

70

2,500

## MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Dear Maryknoll Fathers:

I wish to contribute \$..... toward Number.....

Name.....

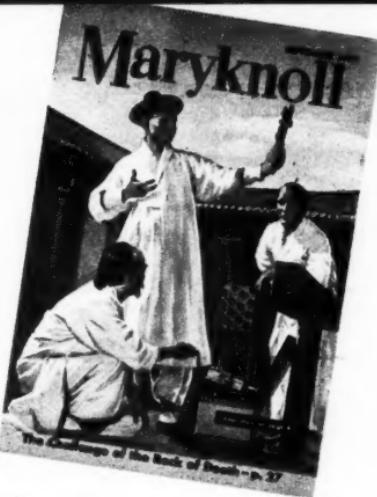
Address.....

City.....

Zone..... State.....

THIS MONTH'S COVER

# KOREANS COULDN'T WAIT



■ AN INVENTIVE people, the Koreans are officially credited with developing the first movable printing type of metal and the first ironclad war vessel. They also deserve credit for producing the first lay missionaries to establish Christianity in a country.

A vassal state of China two centuries ago, Korea was known as the "Hermit Kingdom." The country's only link with the outside world was through envoys sent annually to Peking to pay tribute to the Chinese emperor.

Over the years, these envoys became acquainted with some Jesuits in Peking. The missionaries gave them books on the natural sciences, on literature and on the Catholic religion. Back home, the envoys passed these on to Korean scholars.

No books ever had more effect. In 1777 a few scholars withdrew to a mountain retreat "to seek the truth about human nature, heaven and the world." They found their answers in Christian philosophy.

Half a dozen years later one of the scholars, Pyek-i, heard that the father of his good friend, Ri Syeng-hun-i, had been named an envoy to China. He told Ri about Christianity and urged him to study it thoroughly in Peking.

Ri followed this advice, and then resolved to become a Catholic. At his baptism he chose the name of Peter. He went back to Korea in 1784, bringing with him crucifixes, rosaries, statues and Bibles.

For this month's cover, artist Joseph Watson Little has depicted the return of Peter Ri from Peking. The two scholars shown with him were soon baptized; they, in turn, converted more of their group.

The Korean Catholics asked the Bishop of Peking for priests, but they had to wait until 1795 for one. Meanwhile, the number of Catholics rose to over 4,000. Korea is the only country in the world where the Faith was firmly established by laymen before missionaries preached the Gospel.





The author (right) poses with Fr. Hessler, Grail worker and village children.

# THE SECRET OF BACALAR

A New Orleans S.P.F. official finds jungle church flourishing.

BY ELMO ROMAGOSA

■ BACALAR is in the middle of nowhere. It is situated in the midst of Mexico's tropical jungle — the Quintana Roo territory. Those with strong backs can start off from Merida by truck, and with reasonable luck they will reach Bacalar twenty-four hours later after endless jogging over paths that hardly deserve to be called roads. Bacalar can also be reached by plane from Merida in slightly more than an

hour. Having no truck and a weak back, I decided to fly.

Five years ago, I had never heard of Bacalar. And if anyone had told me then that I would be going there for a visit, I would have called a psychiatrist. But the fact is that I did go to Bacalar, and . . . I do not need a psychiatrist. Nor does Father Alexander Sigur of the Diocese of Lafayette, who was my traveling companion on this journey to the missions of the Yucatan.

As our plane circled over the village of Bacalar (pop. 850), both of us were amazed at how this huddle of grass-roofed huts had attracted world-wide attention. Of course, we knew the answer before we landed. That is why we had traveled the

length of the Yucatan Peninsula, deep into the jungles of the Quintana Roo territory. We wanted to visit the person who has made the name "Bacalar" synonymous with the lay mission apostolate. We wanted to observe at first hand the work of Father Donald Hessler of the Maryknoll Fathers.

Five years ago Father Hessler began an experiment that has had world-wide repercussions. He invited laymen and laywomen to come down to Bacalar to serve the Church. During these years they have come — the single and the married, the young and the old — with a desire to give themselves to Christ by offering a few years of their lives to a struggling missionary church.

Some of the first women who came were trained by the Grail — an organization with headquarters near Cincinnati, which trains young women to serve the Church in various phases of the apostolate. Then came the first married couple in the persons of Joseph and Theresa Shelzi from Boston, who spent five dedicated years in the Bacalar mission. They recently returned to the United States, greatly enriched by their apostolic experience.

Next there was Arthur Vigil, who met and became engaged to his wife Emilia in Bacalar. They are now working for one of the UN agencies in Mexico City. Then there was Jerry Mische, now national director of the Association for International Development; the Association's aim is to train young men and married couples for the missionary apostolate.

More recently the mission has

known the Pat Quilters and their children from Michigan. Also from Michigan are John and Frankie Martus and their four children (three of whom are adopted).

What do laymen do in the missions? To begin with, they do not spend their days teaching catechism, though they do assist with the catechetical program. As laymen, they have a task to perform, a mission to accomplish — the same mission entrusted to every baptized and confirmed Christian — that of bearing witness to Christ.

It was during World War II when Father Hessler spent more than two years in an internment camp at Hong Kong that he had time to think seriously about the whole question of the layman's privileges and cor-

### Our Lady of Bacalar, in mahogany



responding responsibilities to Christ and to the Church. Following a few years of work in New Mexico, where he made initial attempts at putting his plans for the lay mission apostolate into practice, he was assigned to Bacalar. The history of the Faith in Bacalar goes back to the arrival of the Spanish at

the beginning of the sixteenth century. From that time until the mid-nineteenth century, Catholic life was strong and vibrant. However, it all but died out on Good Friday of 1858, when almost the entire Spanish settlement was massacred in the parish church of San Joaquin by Mayan Indians. From that time until 1944 when the Maryknoll Fathers took over the abandoned mission, there was no priest in Bacalar.

We spent four days with Father Hessler and his lay missionary family. We used every opportunity to meet the lay missionaries and learn of their experiences. Then at night, there were long hours of discussions with Father Hessler by lamplight.

Each day in the mission begins at 5:30 A.M., when priest, lay missionaries and many of the natives meet in good numbers for the chanting of Lauds (in Spanish). Afterward, a congregational High Mass is celebrated. It is here that one learns the secret of Father Hessler's lay missionaries.

Bacalar's greatest missionary action each day is the Mass offered

and prayed with deep love and devotion. The other missionary actions of the day are simply an unfolding of the graces of the Mass into each moment of their daily lives. Strengthened by their sharing in the Eucharistic Sacrifice, they can bravely, even cheerfully, face the daily sacrifices of a mis-

### Keep It Up!

American Catholics give generous aid to the foreign missions; they contribute more funds to the Propagation of the Faith than any other country.

sioner's primitive existence.

That is why their lives are happy, despite the absence of electricity, lights, refrigeration, radios, television, telephones, automatic washers and dryers, running water—and despite the ever-present mosquitoes, lizards, scorpions, snakes and jaguars.

In the face of these privations, the very same ones which their people daily have to meet, these lay missionaries work side by side with their people, teaching them better methods of farming, proper livestock breeding and the basic elements of woodwork and carpentry. There is a program of sports for the boys, a training school for young girls and a credit union for those in need.

The greatest hope of Father Hessler and the lay missionaries is to make themselves unnecessary. That is why their function can be likened to that of the U.S. Marines, who secure the beaches and then turn over the task of maintenance to the Army. That explains why Bacalar's priest and lay missionaries yearn for the day when sufficient native Mexican priests will staff the parish, when

CENTRO DE HIGIENE  
SALUBRIDAD Y ASISTENCIA  
BACALAR. Q. ROO



Jewels in the Bacalar apostolate: farmer John Martus and nurse Theresa Brown.

native Mexican lay apostles will come forward to take over their work.

A portent of good things to come, a sign of this healthy native lay apostolate can be found in the person of Joaquin Ferrer, a graduate agricultural engineer. Upon graduation from the University of Mexico City, Joaquin was sent to Bacalar with a small government salary and the promise of \$500 a month from the "rich American Padre."

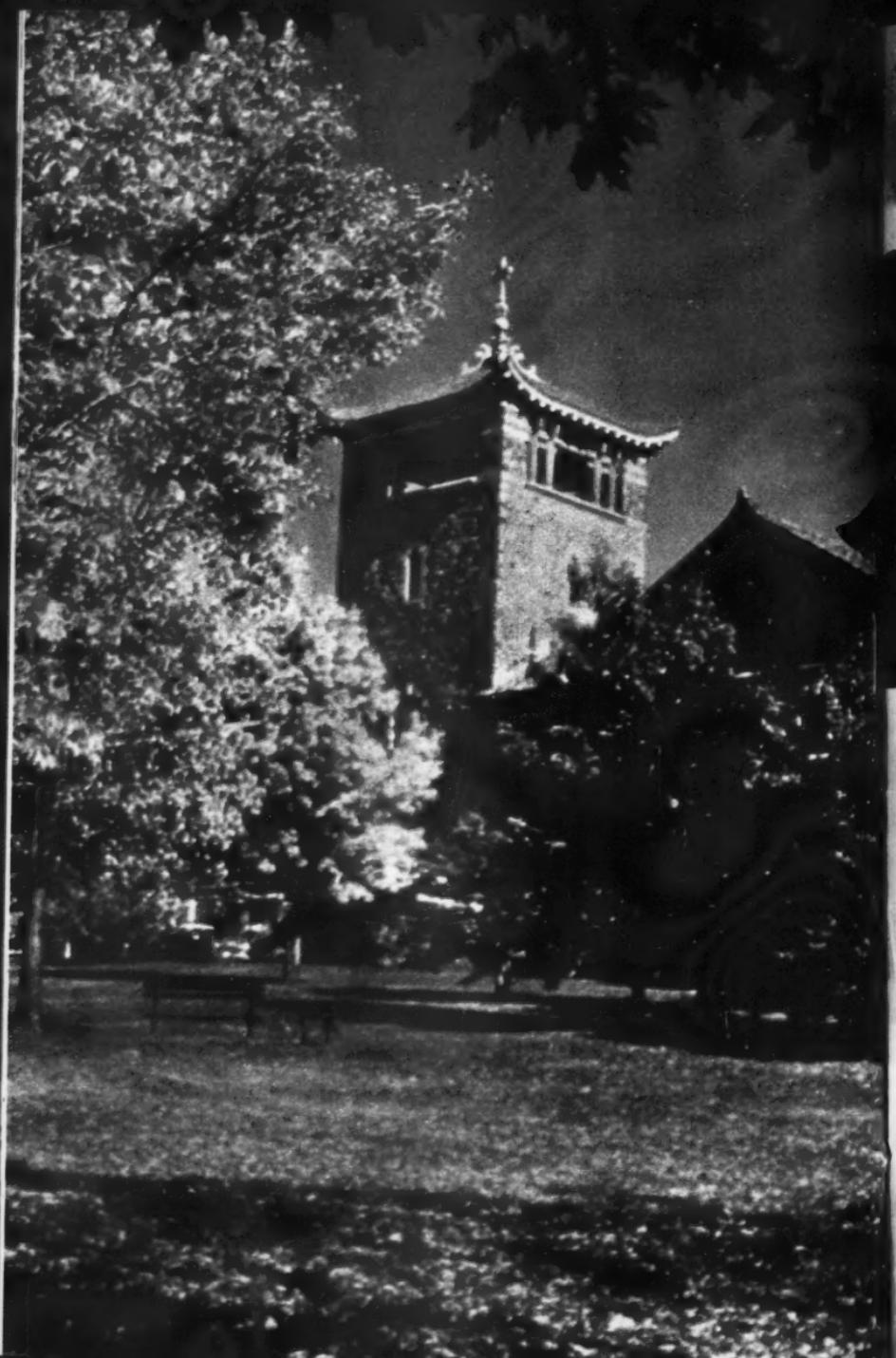
When he reached Bacalar and went to see Father Hessler about his \$500 salary, Father kindly told him there must have been some mistake, that he could not even pay him \$500 a year. Instead, Father Don offered him 500 pesos (40 U.S. dollars) for the next three months in return for his helping the newly formed *Union*

*Agricolar* (a communal farm sponsored by the mission) to get on its feet. At the end of three months, Joaquin said that he could not accept any more mission money, but that he would stay on all the same.

That was three years ago. Joaquin is still at Bacalar. He now has a fine assistant in the person of his wife Alejandra, from Mexico City.

Each day ends with the Rosary and Compline. I shall never forget the deep emotion in the voice of Tomas (a Bacalar native and veteran soldier) who before beginning the Rosary spoke out loud: "We in Bacalar have everything to be thankful for. We have everything we need. We have our priest and the Church. Let us thank God."

What a lesson for all of us! It is one I shall never forget. ■ ■



Se

M  
RO



Seminarians striding toward wide-open horizons with the exuberance of youth.

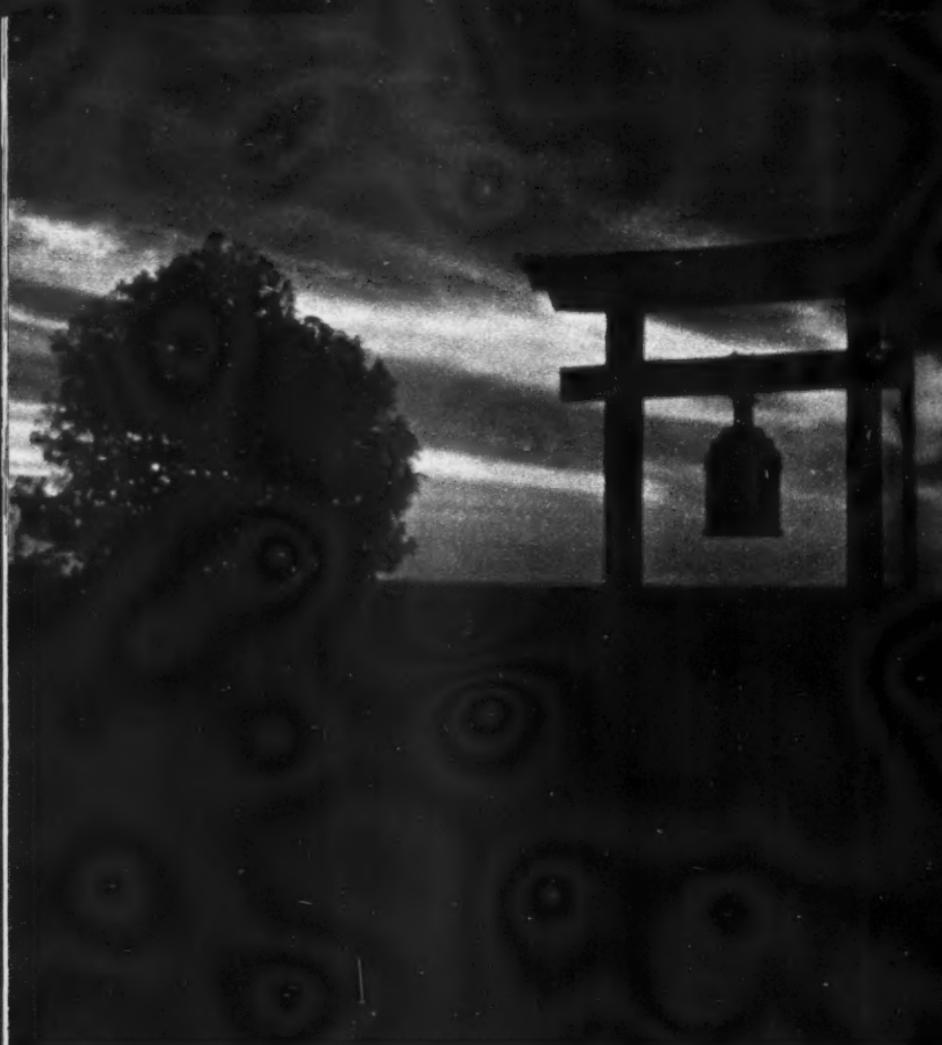
GERALD A. NIMTZ

## *Picture Time!*

■ MARYKNOLL headquarters, sprawled high above the Hudson River in New York's Westchester County, is many things — running the gamut from control center for the world-wide activities of the society to a rendezvous for precious memories. It is our seminarians especially who try hard to freeze their memories on film. Whenever the light is right, you'll find them stalking the campus with Brownies, 35 mm. and reflexes, waiting for "the big one" that will pale all previous efforts. The following photographs are the prize winning results of a contest sponsored by Maryknoll seminarians.

More than any other, this scene is printed on the memories of Maryknollers.

ROBERT J. WILSON



# The Moods of Twilight

Each clear evening on the hill called "Sunset," a torrent of color rushes across our quadrangle, silhouetting the Departure bell. The theme varies from muted copper to brilliant red, but more often the entire spectrum is caught up in a symphony.



ARTHUR C. BARRY

This block contains two smaller black and white photographs. The top one, by Thomas F. McMahon, shows a silhouette of a person standing in an archway, looking out onto a bright landscape. The bottom one, by Anthony M. Rossiello, shows a person sitting at a table outdoors under a large, dramatic, cloudy sky.

THOMAS F. McMAHON

ANTHONY M. ROSSIELLO



FREDERICK J. KRAMPERT



Seminarians at Glen Ellyn, Ill.,  
singing "The Blue-Tailed Fly."

DON G. CHENICK



WILLIAM F. BURKE

**Whether bathed in autumn leaves (above), or in the stillness of a novitiate chapel (below), Maryknoll seminarians learn what it means to be God-seekers.**

DONALD J. CASEY



# WHAT ONE PRIEST CAN DO!

Father Thomas Plunkett of Fall River, Mass., has spent thirty years in Korea and Chile, fulfilling Christ's command: "Suffer children to come to me."

He has brought the word of God to countless thousands of little ones. His gentle smile, kind words and infinite patience have marked him among his fellow missionaries and parishioners as a modern-day "Pied Piper."



## MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

99

Dear Fathers:

Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest

Brother

Sister

(Check one.) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Age..... School.....

Zone..... State.....

Grade.....

H

A d  
tau

BY

■ F  
of I  
sion  
beli  
to  
for  
hat  
but  
far  
rea  
out  
T  
Cu  
His  
faid  
ing  
in  
soc  
par  
cir  
dre  
Th  
wh  
so  
in

SE

# HORSE SENSE

A ducking in an ice cold stream taught the balky Padre a lesson.

BY FRANCIS A. MCKAY, M.M.

FATHER John Moriarty, a native of New York City and now a missioner in Chile, is a confirmed believer in horse sense, but he had to learn it the hard way. This former storekeeper in one of Manhattan's supermarkets rode nothing but subways before going to Chile's farmlands. Today, he has become a real *huaso* — Chile's counterpart of our American cowboy.

The extensive, hilly parish of Curepto was made to order for him. His familiar figure, astride his faithful horse *Estrella* (Star), galloping to sick calls, visiting the poor in far sections of this vast parish soon became a legend to every parishioner. Many a fantastic story circulated around town about Padre Juan and his wonderful horse. The ultimate in praise was reached when the people said: "He rides so well, he must have Chilean blood in his veins."

*Estrella* must have sensed the



growing popularity of his beloved but demanding master. The horse did not like it because he figured that he ought to have some share in these praises. After all, wasn't it he who had to do all the foot work! Little by little, the Padre began to notice that the proud *Estrella* sneaked in a "slip of the foot" every now and then on a rocky path he had once trodden surely.

Where once he literally flew to

# He helps me!

"Without René, I would be lost. He's religion teacher, doctor, lawyer, interpreter and peacemaker all in one." So speaks Father Joseph Beausoleil of his Bolivian catechist.

A zealous man like René has a full-time job to do. He teaches catechism to the young and old; tends to the sick and the needy; interests new people in the Church. The many things he does make such a man priceless. But — a catechist, too, must live. What a shame it would be to lose one of these missioner's aides for want of funds for his living expenses.

## Will you help him?

---

### Dear Maryknoll Fathers:

Here is \$..... toward the \$20 needed monthly for a catechist's living expenses.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone.... State.....

a sick call without a single touch of the lash, *Estrella* now ambled, despite the reluctant hand above him that began to fall with more and more frequency on his silky hide. With this change in *Estrella*, came a like change in the once-happy Padre. If *Estrella* did not eat his full quota of oats, Padre Juan's appetite was affected. If *Estrella* spent a restless night in his open-air bedroom, the tell-tale signs of tiredness marked the kindly face of Padre Juan.

The Padre knew that this nonsense had to stop. The work had to go on. If *Estrella* would not do it with him, he would go it alone. He began to walk to his various mission stations and sick calls. But this was not fast enough. The crowning blow came when Padre Juan sought to solve his problem by buying another horse, whose name was *Curico*. This was almost more than poor *Estrella* could bear. He made life so completely miserable for his new companion that they finally had to be given separate "rooms" and different hours for eating.

Padre Juan was just about ready to send *Estrella* to the glue factory or to an animal psychiatrist when the proud beast solved its own problem — at the expense of the Padre.

A sick parishioner in a far-off corner of the parish asked for the Padre when *Curico* had the afternoon off. Tired feet made it impossible for Padre Juan to walk such a distance, so the sulky *Estrella* was the only solution. Reluctantly the Padre saddled the even more reluctant horse. Finally they were on their way. As the once-happy pair

plopped their way down the main (and only) street of the village, sad-faced parishioners bowed their heads in sympathy for the poor Padre and his once proud horse.

About two miles outside the village, disgruntled horse and impatient rider came to a fork in the road. Both branches led to the same destination. However, one was longer and safer; the other, shorter but more risky because of a rock-laden stream.

Padre Juan, in his zeal and legitimate desire to reach the side of the sick person as soon as possible, chose the shorter but more dangerous way. With that choice was to come his downfall, and *Estrella* knew it!

The horse balked at the shorter route. Finally, urged on by whip, he went slowly ahead until he reached the edge of the stream. Quick-moving, muddy, swollen waters were rushing by. *Estrella* hesitated, pricked up his ears, cocked his head back and looked at his master as though to say: "All right, you are the great rider that everyone is talking about; you are supposed to know all the answers. Do you really want me to take you through that stream, or would you prefer to do the more sensible thing and go by the longer but safer route?"

Two rapid, forceful kicks in his tender ribs gave *Estrella* his answer and salved his conscience for him. Slipping into the stream, he began to feel his way, one hoof at a time. It seemed as though he was trying to find every single slippery rock on the bottom of that stream. (Well,

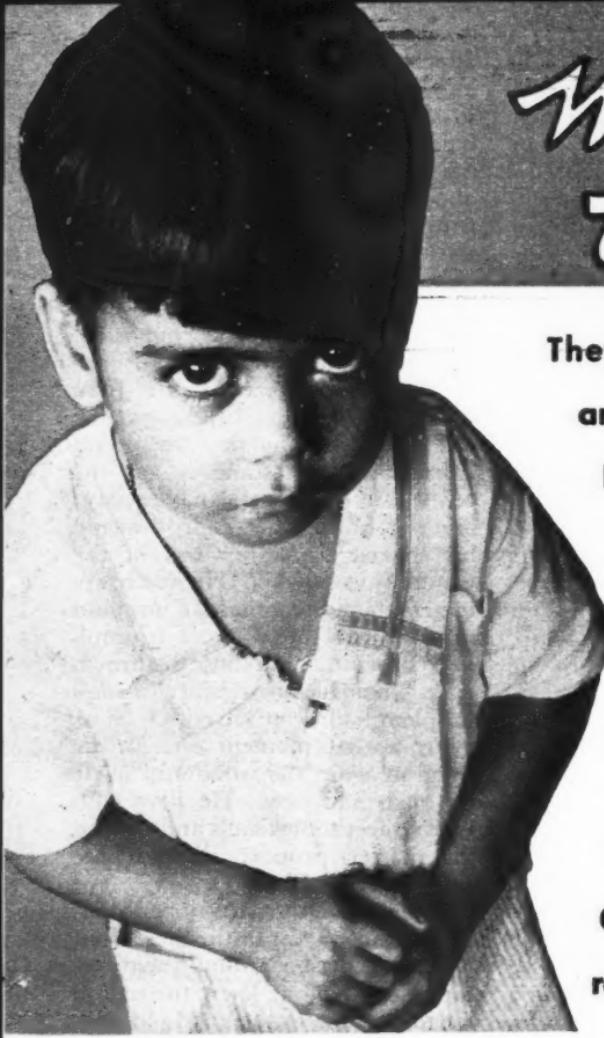
after all, the master should have known better!) Swaying from side to side, Padre Juan was too busy hanging on to his saddle for dear life to think of anything else. Just about the middle of the rushing waters, it happened. *Estrella* seemed to slip, rise up out of the water and then suddenly fall forward, his head submerged in the rushing stream. His master rose, but came down in a different direction.

When the amazed Padre Juan popped his dripping head above the muddy waters, he saw the proud *Estrella* already standing on the other side of the stream, very wet and very happy! The Padre dragged his soaked frame up out of the waters onto dry land. He was ready to give the horse a piece of his mind until he saw the look of triumph and contentment in those big brown eyes. Then he knew that *Estrella's* problem had been solved.

From that moment on, *Estrella* became again the wonderful horse he once had been. He flew with winged feet to sick calls and carried his master proudly through the streets of the village.

Once again, the parishioners happily whispered fantastic tales about horse and master around their evening fires. No one knew the reason for this return to the good old days except *Estrella* and his master — and they were keeping their little secret. The horse was not talking because he couldn't. The Padre wasn't talking because who in the world would believe that a horse could teach sense to a man?

The longest road was the shortest road. That's horse sense! ■ ■



*me  
too...*

**They say Sisters**

**are on the way.**

**I hope they come**

**to me too! I've**

**been waiting a**

**long time. But**

**it costs \$500 to**

**send a Sister to**

**her new mission.**

**Can you help her**

**reach me soon?**

---

**MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

Here is \$..... to help start a Sister on her way to the missions.

Name.....

Street.....City.....Zone.....State.....

While I can, I will send \$..... a month to share in  
the mission work. I realize I can stop this at any time.



"Cups up!" Hong Kong's refugee kiddies know and love Maryknoll Sisters.

# HEAVEN MUST WAIT

■ AS SHE sat on the corner of her narrow bed and sewed, Mrs. Lau thought over a big problem. But everyone in our Resettlement Area in Hong Kong has worries of his own. We Maryknoll Sisters hear the troubles of many, but we never get used to seeing pain, hunger and want.

For almost four and a half years Mrs. Lau had managed to scrape together the rent for one small room in a wooden hut. Her husband, an opium smoker, had been out of the family picture all that time. He was somewhere in Hong Kong, but she knew he had just enough to buy his own rice and opium. Sometimes

A dying mother lives long  
enough to get her three wishes.

BY SISTER MARY IGNATIA

there wasn't enough for rice. And — what should she do now? The doctor's words pounded in her aching head, "You have cancer of the throat. There is no hope."

As she knotted the thread, she thought of us — the Sisters at the Refugee Center. We had helped before. The warm sweater buttoned up to Beautiful Plum's tiny chin —

the shoes on Flowery Jade's growing feet — the school books, the clothes, the food, practically everything that Golden Orchid had — came from the Maryknoll Sisters' relief lines. Generous people in America had given these things to them to give to the refugees in Hong Kong.

"There is no hope," the doctor had said. If only she lived long enough to see the three children settled together. They were so close to one another! She had worked so hard to keep the family one. So Mrs. Lau set aside her sewing and walked down the long stairs through the honeycomb of hovels to our convent.

Some months later a letter came to me from one of our Sisters working with the Chinese people in the United States. I took it to Mrs. Lau. She was lying on the bed — hardly able to speak through her diseased throat. Golden Orchid was doing the family wash on the doorstep. Flowery Jade carried the water from the settlement faucet to help her. They were such a happy family!

"Mrs. Lau," I said, "a good Catholic Chinese family in the States is willing to adopt — one."

Mrs. Lau winced. "It must be the wish of the Lord of Heaven that the children stay together; you yourself told me, Sister, that He will keep the family one."

I wrote and asked, "One? Would you want to adopt three?"

In a few weeks the answer came back. "Yes! We thought we'd be lucky to get one. Three? Fine!"

Preparations for the adoption

went swiftly. We found Ah Hung, the husband and father, in a back street in the city. He readily signed the papers for adoption. Plane fare came from America.

Now Mrs. Lau condensed her worry into one fervent prayer, "Before I die, may I see my little ones settled with this kindly Chinese family in the States."

Her sewing basket had been untouched for weeks. She did not have even the strength to comb Beautiful Plum's fine black hair. But she hoarded her strength to be able to write her thanks to the Ching family in America:

"From my heart I thank you for your goodness to us. Your help has kept our little family together this year. If the Lord of Heaven had not sent us your kindness, we would have scattered in all directions. But we are still one. I love my children. Now that I have to leave them, I entrust them to your care. I know you will love them too. I promise to pray for you all from heaven. But before I go to heaven, I will try to wait long enough to get the first letter from you telling me that my little ones have reached you safely and that they are happy in their new home."

We took Mrs. Lau to the hospital two days before the children got on the plane for America. She never complained of her intense pain. We saw deep joy light up her worn face when the letter came from Golden Orchid saying that all three had reached their new home. As she had wanted, Mrs. Lau waited until her three were safe and happy before she went to heaven. ■■

**FOR** schools, study clubs, altar boys,  
C.F.M. Groups, Serra Clubs, P.T.A.'s

# VOCATIONS IN YOUR CLASSROOM

by Sister Maria Giovanni of Maryknoll

Complete new visual aid explains the meaning and importance of a religious vocation!

A "must" for any group working on extending religious vocations! In one package: eight striking two-color art posters with flash cards to match . . . prayer cards for distribution . . . wonderfully complete,



up-to-date teacher's manual includes teaching plan with colorful student participation suggestions PLUS big bibliography of vocation books and pamphlets currently available.

**Complete Unit \$4.00**

---

**Maryknoll Publications, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

49

*Send me . . . . . Vocations unit(s) @ \$4.00 each*

*Check for \$ . . . . . enclosed (or) . . . . . Bill me*

**Name . . . . .**

**Institution . . . . .**

**Address . . . . .**

**City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .**

# Letters

*of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

## Condolence

I am sorry about the death of your seminarians and the boys who were injured. One of them is a boy from my town. I guess you think this is a funny letter from someone you never heard from before. But I think I may take the place of one of those dead boys. Could I enter the seminary after the eighth grade?

PETER FREDO

Rowayton, Conn.

## International Feast

Catholic Central High School gave an international buffet luncheon that was attended by more than 1,500 persons. It was quite an event, gastronomically speaking. The reason that I am writing is that the enclosed clipping from the paper mentions a Hawaiian cake. This happens to be a recipe I took from the MARYKNOLL magazine. So any credit goes to God and all at Maryknoll. The buffet lasted six hours, and more than 400 women contributed food. Murals of the various countries represented were hung about the hall. Among the countries featured were Mexico, Italy, Hungary, France, Spain, Chile, China and Germany. Again thank you for the recipes.

ANN LENNANE

Monroe, Mich.

■ *Here's an idea for Catholic organizations looking for a unique and different way of raising funds.*

60

## Vocation Poems

This is my poem for your contest.

Everyone has a vocation,  
And this is true  
No matter what their location,  
They have one just like you.

Some have one to be a priest,  
And under them their people,  
Over them the clock  
High in the steeple.

With all of this and more,  
They lead a normal life.  
And it is no chore  
To live without a wife.

JIM GILBERT

St. Louis, Mo.

## YOUR VOCATION

A priest to you and everyone  
Should be "another Christ."  
He doesn't work for himself  
Like a gambler with some dice.

A missionary in Japan  
To the natives was very nice.  
Although he was American,  
He ate, like them, rice.

While he was going through the jungle,  
Russians ganged up on him.  
Then they grabbed a lumber ax,

MARYKNOLL

And tore him limb from limb.

You must be very smart  
To be a teaching nun.  
To be any kind of religious,  
No one must call you "hon."

A Brother is an important man  
To any of our priests.  
Anyone who thinks he's not important  
To think like this must cease.

MICHAEL BRIAN

Louisville, Ky.

#### VIEW POINT

If we were able to leave this earth,  
And sit upon a cloud,  
Would we see the hills and valleys  
And the fields all neatly plowed?  
Or would we see the emptiness  
Of life within the lands  
Where people have no faith in God,  
But need a guiding hand?  
But since we cannot leave this earth,  
The best thing we can do  
Is to join the Maryknoll missions  
And get a real close view.

KATHLEEN O'CONNELL

N. Scituate, R. I.

#### Improvement

The magazine has improved tremendously. The art work has always been tops, and now the editorials and articles about young people from other countries make it doubly interesting.

GERTRUDE McCORMICK

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

#### From India

Thank you for making me a Maryknoll member. You may know that we are now under a communistic Government that is trying to make everything in the com-

munist pattern. They want even our schools to teach communism. Even our Catholic schools are forced to accept the textbooks they prescribe. Some of these books contain communist poison. We are fighting for our Faith and schools.

BROTHER FIDELIS

Kerala, India

#### Diet

Your magazine gives us a glimpse of how other people in far corners of the world live. I try to show my two sons how fortunate we are in this country with our nice homes and good food to eat. If many subsist on a diet of hamburgers, French fries and Coca Cola, it is because they are too stupid to eat anything else, not because other food is not available. I also like the way your magazine calls a spade a spade.

FRANCIS CONNOLLY

Milwaukee

#### Sacrifice

I had planned to buy a much needed mattress as I get up each day with a backache. I am seventy-six years old. However, after glancing through MARYKNOLL I am enclosing the money I saved, \$50. I know this is very small, but it is the best I can do. I only receive a Social Security pension for \$61.30. Please say a little prayer for me so that my back may get better enough to allow me to go to daily Mass.

NAME WITHHELD

Hartford, Conn.

#### Bargain

MARYKNOLL and the Staten Island ferry are the only real bargains left in the country. Both are colorful, exciting!

KATHERINE FERRY

Philadelphia



# Some Like Them Hot

■ FOR those of you who like them hot, the following dishes will tickle your palate. You'll find them tasty served with rice or noodles; or with the interesting flavor contrast of cottage cheese.

## CHICKEN WITH HOT SAUCE (Ethiopia)

- 2½ lbs. fryer, disjointed
- 3 cups boiling water
- Juice of one lemon
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 6 medium onions, minced
- 4 tablespoons shortening

- 2 tablespoons chili powder
- 2 tablespoons tomato paste
- 4 tablespoons red wine
- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- ½ teaspoon ginger
- 6 hard-boiled eggs

Wash chicken thoroughly and place in saucepan. Cover with boiling water to which lemon juice and salt have been added. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove chicken and drain. Reserve stock. In another saucepan, lightly brown onions. Add one cup of hot chicken broth, chili powder and tomato paste. Blend

and simmer for 5 minutes. Then add red wine, black pepper, ginger and another cup hot chicken broth. Add the well-drained chicken to sauce and cook until chicken is tender (about 30 to 40 minutes). Three minutes before serving, add the 6 hard-boiled eggs. To permit the hot sauce to penetrate the eggs, pierce each egg several times. Serves 6.

### CURRIED FISH BALLS (Burma)

- 2 lbs. fish fillets
- ½ cup peanut oil
- ½ teaspoon ground chili pepper
- 3 onions, minced
- 4 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ cup flour
- 3 tomatoes, chopped

Thoroughly wash fish, removing any bones. Chop fish very fine or grind twice in meat grinder. In a skillet heat one-fourth of the oil and add the chili, minced onions and garlic, turmeric, lemon rind and salt. Sauté for 10 minutes and stir mixture frequently. Remove and add one-third of this mixture to the ground fish fillets. Mix until smoothly blended. Form mixture into walnut-size balls and roll lightly in flour. Add remaining oil to the mixture in the skillet and heat. Add the fish balls, browning evenly. Stir frequently while fish balls are browning. Add the tomatoes and cook over low heat for 25 minutes. May be served hot with rice or noodles. Serves 6.

### BEEF HEART IN HOT SAUCE (Peru)

- 1 beef heart
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- ¼ cup hot peppers, ground
- ½ cup hot peppers, chopped
- 2 cups vinegar
- ½ teaspoon cumin seed
- ½ teaspoon *achiote* (annatto)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper

Clean the heart thoroughly, removing nerves and fat. Cut the meat into small pieces. In a bowl, add the garlic, hot peppers, vinegar, cumin seed, *achiote*, salt and pepper and mix well. Marinate the heart in this sauce overnight. Add more vinegar, if necessary, so that the meat is completely covered. Place pieces of heart on wooden or metal skewers and cook on a spit or rack over direct heat, basting with the following sauce until cooked. Serves 6.

#### Sauce:

- ¼ cup hot peppers, ground
- ½ cup oil
- 3 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 tablespoons of the marinade

Fry the hot peppers in the oil. Add the vinegar and the marinade, blending well. ■ ■

### BACK RECIPES

For our many readers who have written us, back recipes are now available in an attractive booklet, price twenty-five cents. Write: Maryknoll Publications, Maryknoll, N. Y.



MARYKNOLL

# WANT ADS

**Attention Please!** These words from a speaker, when followed by a sales talk on the Church, have brought many a passing pedestrian into an Information Center in Japan. Another pastor wants to try it. Needed: a tape recorder to repeat the life-giving words. \$200 will do it.

**Indians in Guatemala** are anxious to learn more about the true faith. Guatemalan catechists are eager to teach the doctrine of the Church. Doctrine charts are needed for these courses of instruction. Ten sets are required. \$35 will buy one set.

**Without the Trimmings**, what is a turkey dinner, or a chapel? In Africa five chapels under construction, will require the trimmings — linens, tabernacle veils and back drops for the altar. \$25 will furnish one chapel with these needs.

**"Radio San Gabriel, Calling" . . .** from Bolivia, and asking for magnetic tapes to record programs in native Aymara language. Thirty tapes at \$4 each are needed to carry on this work of instruction by air waves. Buy one?

**What Better Means** of fighting communism than with words and pictures of the truth? A missioner in Japan needs a movie projector to give doctrine instructions to his parishioners and interested non-Catholics; \$350 will provide Father with a projector. Like to get in on this?

**An Apple for the Teacher** always meets with approval, provided there is a classroom to deposit the apple in. New classrooms are needed in a school in Chile. Will you plant the seed — give something toward the \$1,000 required for one classroom?

**That God May Bless His People**, a monstrance is needed in a parish in Africa. The beauty and dignity of Benediction can only be brought to these African Catholics by your generosity. A thoughtful way to remember a loved one, \$250 will provide this lasting gift.

**High Cost of Living?** To feed a student catechist for one month, costs only \$7! Catechists are the "right arm" of every missioner. These godly people will bring in new converts, and encourage those who are studying the doctrine. Will you feed a future catechist on Formosa for one month?

**Famous Last Words:** "Sorry I'm late, I had a flat tire." In Central America, a missioner on a sick call must be sure his jeep will take him all the way, even over the rough roads. Your donation of \$30 will replace a weary jeep tire.

**A Space Problem** exists in a new church in Bolivia. Father needs a sacristy to store vestments and other articles for Mass; \$100 will build it. Your offering, large or small, will help.

*Send check to: MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK*



## AROUND THE WORLD IN 64 PAGES

Send your friends on twelve exciting trips a year to the far corners of the earth — with Maryknoll missionaries as their personal guides to meet the rubber workers in Bolivia, farmers on the snow flats of Hokkaido, refugees fleeing across the borders of Red China and 10,000,000 other men, women and children in Maryknoll mission outposts circling the globe — by giving them



# A Maryknoll Magazine Gift Subscription

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Please send MARYKNOLL magazine monthly to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

\$1 for 1 year    \$5 for 6 years

Send gift card \_\_\_\_\_



Use Separate Sheet  
For Additional Gift  
Subscriptions

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_ to renew my own subscription.

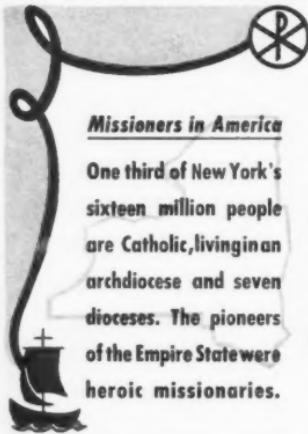
My Name \_\_\_\_\_

My Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Missioners Came First!

NEW YORK



## Missioners in America

One third of New York's sixteen million people are Catholic, living in an archdiocese and seven dioceses. The pioneers of the Empire State were heroic missionaries.



1. In 1627, the first oil to be discovered in America was found by a Franciscan near Cuba, N. Y.



2. Father Isaac Jogues was to death by savage Mohawks at Albany, present capital, in 1646.



3. Catherine Tekakwitha, Lily of the Mohawks, was born near Albany (Auriesville), in 1656.



4. In 1683, the first Mass was said in New York City by Jesuit for Governor Dongan, a Catholic.



5. In 1785, the cornerstone of St. Peter's, first permanent Catholic church, was set in place.

**Christ belongs to ALL the human race.**

